Essays

1940

Coleridge

First draft
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Monks House

Rodmell

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NYPL

~~Some~~ different times. Many novels pass from generation to generation. Think of all the characters in a play by Shakespeare: of all the changes of scene & of country. So that if we want to ~~[illegible]~~ describe the object of all well-written book we can only call it "human life".

Now let us consider the writer himself. What is a writer? To that I think there is as yet no answer. Of course he is a person who sits at a desk & writes books. But that means nothing. Why does he choose this very queer way of spending his life? Writing is a very ill paid occupation; a very hard occupation. And yet every generation breeds a certain number of people who refuse to do anything else. That is true; but again, why are these queer people sometimes so common, & at other times so rare? Sometimes, as in the Elizabethan age, you find a swarm of writers. Then again the breed seems to die out. But why? It seems strange considering how much we talk about writers how little we know of them. We dont know what is good for them, & what is bad. Ought they to be praised, or is it better for them to work in obscurity? We could go on asking questions, but there is no satisfactory answer. Nor is that strange if you reflect how little we know about our bodies. Only a hundred years ago people were curing ~~fevers by~~ consumption by letting blood. They were ~~[illegible]~~ drinking horrid mixtures of snails shells – snakes livers to cure ague. ~~So if we~~ Naturally we know even less about ~~the~~ our minds ~~than about the~~ that the human body. It was less than 200 years ago that human beings began to think themselves interesting. Boswell was almost the first biographer. Now until we have more material to go upon, we cannot know very much about ordinary people, let alone about these very queer people, the writers: So at present there are all kinds of theories, & each contradicts the other. Thus the politician

~~Do they come from~~ Why do the Shelleys suddenly produce a poet? Why do the Shelleys never again produce one?

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The artist is an oyster who breeds art through irritation.

Another school holds that ~~the writer~~ some families are peculiarly fertile in writers. Dryden, Swift, Pope were all cousins.

will tell you that a writer is if not created, still enormously influenced, by the conditions of the country in wh. he lives. Another school says that he is quite independent of those conditions. He is without nationality, without politics, And yet a third school will explain him by saying that he is a ~~very~~ unhappy man, who is driven to write books by way of supplying himself with an imaginary world instead of the real world. We are still in the dark; & anyone can make any theory that happens to suit him.

Now if we want to understand something about modern writers — if we want ~~to get~~ not to pick out separate writers & but to get some notion of their position as a group — it is important to have some ~~working~~ general theory ~~by way of a hand rail.~~ as to what which unites them: ~~And if we~~ Only ~~we must realise that~~ which brings out their ~~position compared with the~~ ~~know so little~~, And since we ... that makes them a group. There is as to whatever that makes them a group. There is best done, not by ~~sketching~~ adding another theory to those given above, but by looking, very rapidly, at the past. We have not time to go far back, but let us glance at the 19th century; gathering together certain facts & see if those facts can be made to prove anything — anything that helps us to make a theory about the present moment. We have not time to go far — but let us glance at the 19th century.

Some guess as to what this

Coleridge

There is a certain likeness between the early years of the 19th century & the early years of the present century. England was at war. England was engaged in one of her greatest, one of her most decisive wars — the Napoleonic war. Did that affect those curious people, the writers?

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there were two men writing – & writing with such vigour such truth, that we still read them. One was Walter Scott; the other Jane Austen. Neither of them mentioned the Nap- war. Scott spent those years writing ~~about the~~ ~~st~~ historical novels & furnishing Abbotsford – founding a home for his descendants. Jane Austen spent them moving from one parsonage to another, Bath & back again: describing the dinners & the dances & the little gossip of the country side. Later there was war throughout the century. There was the Crimean war: there was the Indian Mutiny: there were all the little Indian & Soudan wars. Thackeray, Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, George Eliot, Trollope, Henry James, Galsworthy, George Moore lived through these wars. Did they ever mention them? Only I think Thackeray, who used the battle of Waterloo, ~~as~~ a long after it was fought, by way of an illustration: it made a very effective chapter in Vanity Fair. It seems ~~two~~ thus easy to see why war did not affect them. It was so distant, so remote. Scott was never called upon to black out the windows of Abbotsford. Jane Austen never knitted a single sock, let alone for a soldier, let alone served in a canteen, or took service as an air warden.

If

War did not affect them. ~~Let us ask next~~, did peace?

Let us avoid making theories till the last possible moment. All we will let ourselves say then is that what the reason may have been, an enormous number of books that ~~are~~ we still read were written between 1800 & 1900. We can add, without

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Marie Corelli.

This is a depressing book. It leaves one with a
~~sensation of~~ feeling — not of humiliation, that is too strong a
word: nor ~~not~~ disgust: ~~in her story also~~. but with
but with the feeling that we have seen a stout
~~white~~ ~~human being doing tricks~~; a fat pet dog
~~going through a rather~~ doing tricks, ~~for a public which~~
~~which the public eggs it on, & also sneers.~~
with which that ~~uncomfortable~~ feeling, which is
caused when a dog that has grown very fat is
made to go through its tricks in public.
but ~~rather a feeling~~ of contempt: rather such as we feel when a
dog is made to go through its tricks in public. The dog
is fat, & the dog is old; & the public eggs it on, &
at the same time ~~sneers~~ jeers. There is nothing in
the life of a best seller which need excite this
~~emotion~~ ~~feeling~~ the lives of those glorious figures — Ella Wheeler
Wilcox, Mrs Barclay — can be read without a
blush. For ~~whatever she~~ ~~They~~ trace a pity; tricks
they carried out ~~these~~ prodigious conjuring
upon ~~a~~ the public: ~~which~~ rabbits, bank notes —
& billiard balls rolled all about the stage; &
the enormous numbers engaged every moment
of their performance. ~~Mr~~ But with Marie Corelli
~~Ari a story~~ it is a very different matter. The sordid story
begins in the Church at Stratford on Avon, wh.
the Editor of the M. Leader ~~?~~ ~~He story~~
was. And to begin at the beginning —
the Editor of the M. L. News, wandering into the
Church of St. on Avon ~~fell in love with~~. But
~~same a~~ fell in love with a woman. But
that blunt statement must at once be
qualified. He did not fall in love with a
woman: he committed an improper
act with some one who was neither of his own
social standing then unwelcome

with her —

we feel that
we have
been
[illegible]

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flowering of her lighter moments" as Mr Bullock
puts it — the style in catching — was a ~~female~~ child
whose who was not called Marie, ~~was not~~ nor
called Corelli. These were names that she invented
for herself, ~~as soon as she~~ in the dream hole ~~at the~~ in
Dell · at Bay Hill. ~~The haunt~~ most of her childhood in
that Dell. Sometimes George Meredith appeared in
among the convolvulus and the nightshade. But she
never saw him: wrapt in what she called later
"the glittering phantasmagoria of the universal dream"
She saw only one person. ~~That was~~ herself. She saw
~~herself~~ ~~And as we look at that self, the~~ And that
self, is ~~one of the most~~ as damning an indictment of
taste in any way
Victorian ~~morality~~ as the Albert Memorial is in another.
What other age could have impressed an ~~ordinary~~
ordinary healthy little girl with so profound ~~a sense of~~
shame ~~at~~ ~~at her ill~~ for ~~because she was~~ for
~~born out of wedlock,~~ her illegitimacy, with such
a profound a longing to be a lady. That

What other age could have concocted that
hideous ~~trophy~~? ~~And what other age could have~~
memorial to a dead man! And what other
age could have so impressed a very ordinary
& healthy little girl ~~with~~ the shame of
regrets of being a lady
illegitimacy, and the ~~longing~~ for respectability,
as to ~~which resulted~~ in that / empty & tortured
concoction which was / Marie Corelli's life?

and to produce the glittering & empty concoction
which for wanting a better name we have to
call Marie C— life? ~~all her dreams~~

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The house in Longridge Road ~~had~~ was full of unpleasant ~~objects~~ But she was not ashamed of

~~For~~ For the ~~unpleasant whole of~~
For the unpleasantness ~~thing about Marie Corelli's~~
dreams is ~~that~~ For ~~that~~ she was always
ashamed. ~~Instead therefore~~ she was ashamed of her
mother. She was ashamed of her birth. She was
ashamed of her face. ~~She was ashamed~~ of
Far from carrying out the ~~forecast~~ threat to the governess,
"I'll be unlike anybody else as I can!" — as
realising ~~her~~ that ladies forecast "that will
hardly be worn / she will then be called eccentric"
all her efforts were directed towards being
the most typical, the most commonplace, the
most full blown of And from ~~that she~~
~~that~~ And ~~from that shame, by way~~ that
~~being a very~~. ~~from that shame she~~ And far from
rebelling against society, she ~~affected~~ became.
like the Albert Memorial, ~~And to speak~~
And though in this she was by no means singular,
nature had given her an a prodigious
power of making public confession of this small
ignoble vice. ~~Instead of fighting she was~~
~~no which now was she an~~ ~~And~~ And
what is ~~that~~ It was ~~that~~, not the ~~society~~ a
~~worse~~ ~~the~~ 44 ~~a not hatred~~ ~~love of~~ ' ~~or rather~~ to
~~not hatred that made her~~ ~~gave~~ her books their
It was that which ~~made~~ her books. It was
~~at something~~ inspired her books.
~~this~~ love of respectability, not hatred of
society that inspired her books.
And this for this reason that they depress,

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so that as we read those Extracts which Mr B.
gives us we feel that we are swallowing a
peculiarly nauseous mixture. ~~They~~
And as we follow her career, ~~then~~ a distaste
grows upon us, not only for the rant & the
rot, & the falsity, for the wrong notes the red lips,
& the matted hair of dead men — but for the
audience which applauded these exhibitions.
~~Some people~~, Queen Victoria & Mr Gladstone ~~among~~ them,
were, perhaps, genuinely ~~refined~~ impressed.
Prime Ministers & Queens may be excused if
we can be
~~they their palates~~ need some thing
excused. It is too much to ask such prodigies to keep a
clean tongue for literature. ~~But what are we~~
~~to say about Oscar Wilde~~? And "the millions" —
as M. C. called them — there were no films in
those days, & if a working man was saved from
~~as~~ self-cide by reading the Sorrows of Satan, and a
Dressmaker's apprentice got a fresh zest in life from
~~reading~~ about Thelma or Mavis Clare, ~~they had~~
there were no films then, & ~~the~~ Marie Corelli
provided the plush & the light & the chocolate
creams after the stench of the street. But what are we
to say of Oscar Wilde? As an editor he had to
flatter a ~~poor~~ writer whose mere name on a
cover sold out a whole edition. And what of the
great ladies who invited her to all their parties?
though as any of them remarked "she is a common
little thing"? What are we to say of the whole
of that leisured, well fed, insolent late
Victorian world, which finally drove the
common little thing "to sit parade the
streets in satin & mobbed with garlands
round her person, or to float on the
Avon, in a gondola, with a gondolier in
a scarlet sash. There is nothing to be

hungry lives

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And what are we to say of the Press which
levelled all its cameras at the stout ugly
woman who was ashamed of her face, a
~~the~~ was ever "Jolly bag" about the
woman, – was she called Cody? – was she called –
who had borne this illegitimate child? But
though it would be a relief to end in an outburst
of righteous indignation, the worst of this book is
that it produces only an uncomfortable feeling:
as if we had watched a dog doing tricks.
And ~~still~~, ~~or~~ a rather commonplace dog,
~~whose tricks, finally~~ & ceased to please.
And then there was nothing left... for in fact
the poor lady never had been alive. And,
by way of proving it, they still keep her
room precisely as it was; there is the
silver mirror still full of quiet just as
she left it; & the great bed,
& the clock pointing to 7.15.
& the manuscripts carefully
preserved in glass cases; &
the large empty bed, covered
with a heavy white quilt, wh. is
more awe inspiring than a corpse, as a
scantily clothed dancer excites more
than does a nude" — a lasting
monument to the taste of some of
our predecessors.

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The desire of her
~~Her one ambition~~ was to be as like ~~Mrs Jones~~
Lady ~~Clara Vere de Vere as possible.~~ ~~All her efforts~~
~~There were drawbacks. She was made, sagacious &~~
~~Mrs~~ Mrs Jones ~~as possible~~ next door as possible — only
bigger diamonds, more jewels here, more ~~[illegible]~~ above all
more in the public eye. All her efforts & they were
prodigious; were to batter down that were the door, which
~~up~~ & to enter in. She succeeded. ~~Save for~~
She screamed, ~~she kicked~~, she ~~to enter~~
Her efforts were prodigious. ~~Save for~~ Given the
~~materials~~ ~~they were~~ the battering, she screamed; wholly had broken into
She did her utmost to convert the shady father she almost
the poet Laureate:— he shady literary gentleman.
furbished up into a respectable ~~& her~~ ; ~~to her~~
~~Nor was she ready at the~~ ~~than the~~ desire
eclipsed, ~~to be like the hostile~~
~~In those~~ Those within them she failed. But
~~for both~~ with the victory hardly she succeeded. All her
~~Society~~ Ode ~~One~~ all her dreams came true. Ponies, pearls,
gondolas, flowers, Eaton dresses, homes, functions like
the tea lounge at the Earls Court Exn, — all were hers.
Cheques accumulated, newspaper showers. The
Prime ... was her friend. Gladstone called. . . .
The Dean of Wm. quoted her in the pulpit. . . It seemed
as if she had only to dream hard enough, & the
dream materialised. [But something went wrong.
~~within~~ the splendid bed ~~inside the fabric the~~
Whether the moralist would say that the dream of the
wrong dream. The psychologist would say that
publicity — Did the dream & the wrong stuff? or
~~did she~~ or of publicity injurious to the
But it was the dream that killed her. For
~~inside the carapace, the poor~~ inside the
carapace the creature — the commonplace
kindly ~~woman~~ creature ~~who might have~~ died. The
big became hard & hard. Her life became
duller & duller. And, like a beauty whose

entirely at the
s

It was unfortunate
the attempt
the W— to
was to delay
her father
Summer —
he died in a poor lodging
or that that
reform to
[illegible]

Rosted
translated
the novels
into
French.

Died on
Easter Monday
21st April
1924

Only about a
dozen mourners
& the
20 girls from
the Grammar
School, who
threw sprigs of
rosemary.

It was
raining hard.

If Marie Corelli
remains
extant as it
stands
today,
Marie will
be saved
from oblivion

Our Owners – For
God's sake say
Owls, woman, if
it's owls you
mean.

A romance of two worlds.
One man wrote to say
that that had saved him
from suicide

"I have read the book [a R of 2 Ws]
over again ... for certainly
tell of marvellous things in a
marvellous way"!

"a rather common
little thing"

"she wanted to be
an important figure in the
annals of her country"

64 Gladstone arrived one
afternoon ... He stayed
for over 2 hours, &
during ~~that~~ time said
Ardath is a magnificent
conception ...

103. Mr P took her
hand & said "Out
of small things what
wonders rise!"

"On Easter Sunday
the Dean of Westminster
read for the lesson her
description of the resurrection
morn,

repeat; the
~~[illegible]~~ [illegible]
word
mess
hung up
Marks
Mary of
the Beech

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Take it away & she ~~[illegible]~~ to became unknown.

Decked out with gilt & paint;

Lovely learn her those tricks.

complexion had been ruined by paint; she could only live by increasing the dose: Publicity ~~at last was~~ became her drug. And so at last the people of Stratford on Avon beheld a stout little woman driving behind ponies wreathed in flowers, floating on the Avon in a gondola; couched upon purple cushions, the papers ~~echoed~~ with her exploits; now she was she ~~way went to law; she~~ & at Mason Croft she lived ~~now~~ & her lawsuits, her speeches, her letters to newspapers the ~~papers~~. her hoarded £ hoard of sugar.

For her there is some excuse: ~~she was the victim of this~~ a shady father, a sloppy brother, ~~an unknown mother~~, & a society which ~~ignores~~ she was born & bred among the shady the shifty & the snobbish; ~~But how can~~ we excuse ~~the audience that~~ ~~Victorian~~ Society was a green ~~tyrant under~~ of V. to blame. But how can we excuse the audience that encouraged & applauded her Egn? Of V. & Mr Gladstone are innocent. This too much to ask such ~~rascal~~ prodigies to keep a clean palate for.

And what are we to say of Mr Arthur Severn — a Pendennis she called him, who accepted her hothouses & at any rate did not discourage that affection wh. she called 'love', ~~taste~~ made fun she said "owls" when she should have said "owls": & ~~he made~~ fun of her accent.

And at last on the Sept 19. the Evening fell down... ugly; ~~I've more~~, ~~the pilgrim went~~ no, that is by no means the con. ~~[illegible]~~.

awaits the dreamer. Mason Croft remains intact; a lasting monument of the taste of Stratford on Avon

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that might stand for the skeleton of my talk.
And to give the skeleton flesh & ~~the~~ blood, some
extracts may be taken from the letter wh. he
wrote after the party was over, ~~when he sat in~~
"thinking aloud," as he called it, — for ~~talk was~~
death was never a skeleton: ~~it was~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~something~~
were flesh & blood to him: ~~these the stuff of life~~;
& ~~[illegible]~~ & ~~if it~~ + the substance that
Even its ~~only~~ derived from his voice & his room —
all the detail ~~that~~ & the pictures in the
glow of the storm, the words [illegible] & a letter [illegible].
My dear

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Hary-O.

Sir G. L. G. can remember an impressive old lady
in a big black bonnet, with a downright manner,
a caustic wit & a mordant tongue. ~~She was~~
She was his grandmother, the first C^ss Granville, who
died in 1862. ~~She was also, Haryo,~~ But in
these pages she is Haryo, daughter of the famous
Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; — indeed she is
Haryo - sister of Hart, of Georgiana, Morpeth. &
half sister of ~~Caro Julia, of~~ Caroline St Jules,
of Augustus Clifford, her father's natural children, & of
Eliza Grey her mother's natural daughter
~~What her relations~~ was to Lady Eliz Foster, her father's
mistress, ~~& is~~ the relation by Lady L can be left
unspecified. & step-daughter of her father's mistress, Lady
Elizabeth Foster & the latter end when she ~~was~~ [illegible] to
became engaged to Ld. G. L. G. who had been
~~her Aunt's~~ lover ~~two children~~ by her Aunt, Lady
Bessborough, ~~by whom he had two children~~.
so that she began married life with two ~~stepchildren~~,
~~who were who were at~~, George & Harriette
Stewart, who who were at the same time her
husband's children, & her own ~~nephew &~~ cousins.
The old lady in the black bonnet then ~~was~~
of immorality.
~~That her youth in a hot bed~~
of Devonshire House had been in South Kensington
nobody would ~~[illegible] was cowed~~ ca[illegible] from a
~~remember a world that was~~
world that had ~~been~~ vanished completely in 1862.
~~under the [illegible] of the~~ of Q V^a & the Prince Consort
between them destroyed Devonshire House.
She was brought up then in a hot bed of immorality.
~~From her~~ She knew that her father had a mistress; she
knew that her mother was a mistress; she knew
that her playmates were illegitimate.

Lady Harriet Cavendish

& engaged to wife

whose Children by Harriette out

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at that the middle class girl was not allowed even to
read about. Harry-o knew, ~~at first hand~~, as soon as
she ~~could~~ knew anything. ~~And~~ the truth seems to be that
10 ~~knowing~~ a hotbed of immorality ~~has its advantages~~.
~~is to~~ is ~~a liberal education~~. ~~has~~ has its advantages.
And the knowledge, ~~judging from her letters~~,
did her no harm. ~~On the contrary, the~~ she —
~~contrary, the~~ seems, compared with middle class
girls at that age, curiously ~~un~~ unsentimental,
truthful, reasonable, & honest. Here of course
she was helped by her rank. Devonshire House was
not in S. Kensington. Nobody, ~~who was the~~ Devonshire.
at the Duchess of
~~Least important~~,
Nobody was rude to her daughter. It never
entered Harryo's mind as a child that there was
anything dubious about that mixed nursery; & as for her
mother, she ~~was a positive angel~~ to ~~her daughter~~.
to be reckoned
Harryo adored her: "I am delighted ~~Her~~ daughters,
like A mama". The ~~Duchess was~~ loved their mother.
~~ado~~ in their most private letters, & She was
But Harryo was not at all like Georgiana. ~~small eyed~~, with big
plain, with ~~fat~~ plain & fat. ~~She was shrewd too~~, &
small, blue eyes. ~~And~~ & clearsighted, &
~~Cautious, &~~ ~~She was~~ shrewd too, & she liked the country
sociable
And ~~though~~ gay & ~~Careless~~. She liked ten miles before & not in the
better than London, walking
breakfast, & . She was sociable too though she admired Mme de
least a blue stocking, though she admired
Sevigné! Cowper, & read Bossuet; but the thoughts of
cannot understand why I hate what I enjoy is
313 going to Town so vehemently .... walking
independent of all these good people; in all
before breakfast & most part of the day in all
this delightful weather, my own dear little room....
In London I am never either so good or so happy..

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Hary-o

Devonshire House was not in South Kensington.
The ~~five~~ six children who played in the big nursery
~~One could ignore the~~ in Piccadilly
could ~~therefore~~ ignore the fact that three of them were
illegitimate; & if they all detested Lady Liz ~~the~~ ~~father's~~ the Duke's
who ~~too~~ it was not because she was their ~~father's~~
mistress, but because she was in parts ~~a~~ detestable ~~woman~~. They
~~The~~. ~~The~~ ~~Then~~ Society ~~&~~, ~~which indeed has.~~ ~~They~~
were Nobody ~~the morality which~~ ~~And~~
~~the~~ ~~Nobody cut them~~ the D. of Devonshire;
~~Society~~ ~~This suspension of morality~~ The
little Cavendishes were ~~like Pagans.~~ ~~They~~
~~lived in a~~ ~~brought up in a pagan & clanless~~
~~society~~ . shared with the children of –
the East End the privilege of being
brought up in a society which a complete
immunity from sexual taboos. ~~Since Nobody~~
In South Kensington
~~Conduct that wd. have led to~~ nobody wd have called on Mr. ~~& Mrs~~ ~~Seven~~
Mrs Devonshire: ~~&~~ the ~~house~~ of ~~Har~~ ~~Georgiana~~.
~~Harriet &~~ ~~Hart~~ & Caroline & Augustus &
Elizabeth wd never have been asked out to tea.
But, ~~as~~ in Piccadilly the house was crowded
from morning to night; the children ~~played~~
~~innocently~~ together; & ~~the only difference~~ the immorality of their
the only difference that ~~this~~
~~parents~~ never gave a thought to their ~~parents~~
& the only difference that can be detected in between
Harriet ~~was the~~ & the middle class girl, seems
to be to Harriet's advantage: she was a
more honest, less sentimental, & far more
in ~~touch with reality~~ alive to reality

& her feelings were far more sincere.

~~Her mother~~ As for her mother, she
adored her. ~~Her~~ For her father, she

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~~There was never~~ a more devoted daughter. She adored
her mother. ~~She was~~ ~~Fr~~ ~~Act~~ – ~~She was~~
& though nobody w. have ~~warm feelings for~~ adored
the Duke, ~~she~~ no daughter w. have been more
dutiful. No child ~~in~~ could have been healthier,
saner, & happier than the little girl who
~~lived~~ were brought up in surroundings that wd
~~have made a middle class parent~~ ~~thought~~
~~according to the current morality~~ wd. have
~~perverted innocence~~ & ~~[illegible]~~ been calculated to
corrupt & distort. Indeed, ~~if~~ the Devonshire House
education seems to have been an admirable one.
~~It taught~~ They were honest & open. They were
chaffed by the brother about their rouge. They
had no [illegible]. The girls talked about
~~childbirth~~ – ~~were~~ : There were no draperies, no
curtains. G. & H. ~~talked~~ discussed ~~birth~~
the facts of life openly. Their brother chaffed
them about ~~us~~ painting their faces. ~~They~~ Harriet
lectured Hart upon his dissipation. They were
extremely fond of each other. And
there was a hardness, a saneness, a humour in
their ~~relationships, which is not was~~ lives
which is all in favour of mixed nurseries, so long
as ~~child~~ they were children. They learnt
There were no ~~protection~~ disguise. But
~~There was~~ of the D. H. world was pagan. Never
also clannish. It was so large that the
other classes did not exist. The
nursery was in charge of Selina Trimmer.
And we have only to compare ~~the lot~~
the lot that governess with the lot of a
governess in a middle class home to
realise how admirably without
– snobbery the D. House world was
compared with the [illegible] to mind.

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Harriet treated Selina ~~of~~ as a human being. She ~~[illegible]~~
to ~~her~~ ~~equality as~~ & wrote to dearest Selina, as she
wrote to dearest Georgiana: without indifference,
without reserve. Selina had her
peculiarities. Selina stood for beauty, morality,
& ~~women~~ Selina believed in prayer, & was a
hated the Melbournes, & was a Baptist. But
she was a woman on her own. No
until Marge grew up & went out into
the world, ~~no one~~ the prayers & chapter: were
God. Home seems to have been the
an admirable training ground — It made the
~~Daughters~~ the children fond of each other,
self-confident, both hard, for action, unsentimental:
it gave them the society of the cleverest men of the day:
it taught them to be fearless, & realistic; &
to respect beauty, & to enjoy long walks, &
~~It was full of odd characters~~ —
free from influences, pettiness; & letters
snobbery. ~~And~~ But it taught Harriet, as she
grew older, that one must be moral:
one must think for oneself: one must
find out what mattered, & what did not.
And since the Duchess was no guide, & her
father was quite an outlaw, she found out
while she was still in her teens, how to
what charity is, what morality is —
not what they are held to be. And
~~And~~ that part of her education was
painful. It was painful to be left alone for
hours with Dow. She did not want to
marry her. but the Duke saw no harm in
leaving them alone for hours. Then she
painful when her maid suddenly poured a
whole parcel of servants hall gossip into her
ear. And strove keenly by [illegible].

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after her mother died, to find that she was to be
thrown off, by the detestable Lady Ivy:— For there is
such a thing as morality, she discovered. She
discovered it for herself. And the discovery therefore
is very telling. ~~So~~ The description of Ivy
Ivy: gives a far better idea of a loose woman
than would have been given if H. had
assumed that all such women are immoral.
Lady Ivy was immoral not because she was
her lover's [illegible]. but because she
~~H~~ cooed & hid: because she wrapped the [illegible]
in her shawl; because she was [illegible]
unspeakably corrupt. In fact, Hariot
could not endure J.-H. with that woman in
control. And the famous, not to the other
Duchess, but to Selina Tremaine. Tremaine
comes to stay. Tremaine is a great improvement.
Tremaine, with her severity & her interests,
~~and then~~, ~~the~~ Tremaine's there is
morality personified. And that [illegible]—
Chatelaine society would have done with a stiffer
dose of Tremaine. Lady Caro would have
profited enormously. For she appears
forlorn, foolish, with the licence all in
meddlesome girl in her head— to
~~Expatiate~~ & [illegible] not. There is Caro—
quarrelling with bitter an— when all is
~~say~~

~~As~~ ~~some~~ So we have to conclude, her stately lover, &
cad. Hariot's mamma ~~the~~ who are that [illegible]
has ~~[illegible]~~ 2 step children, to be raised for
children— there is something to be said for
morality. The gay, downright girl,
who was so fond of her brother, & adored her
mother, & was grateful to step-dads, &
worldly & cowardly were a little weak,

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deserved a better fate than to be married to her adult-
lover. But she had to marry him — because
that detestable woman, Lady Ly. made
life at D. House insupportable: ~~to whatever end,~~
because, apparently, even a Lady of scandal cannot
float serenely successfully ~~to~~ to the very end.
Lived as the married L. G. L. G. &
became, as we L. G. remember her, a
an old lady in a black bonnet; very
respectable, dowager & cambric & mordant,
living on ~~to~~ to an age when the D. H.
memory ~~to~~ had been extinguished. when
Buck.m Palace was ~~as~~ in the ascendant.

~~As for Selma Teamma,~~

And Selma —

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Trimmers

The gardens at Chatsworth which contained so many strange exotic plants, brought by the great gardener Paxton from foreign lands, could boast too a ~~fine~~ a rare violet, whose surname was Trimmer, whose Christian name was Selina: As her name indicates she was a governess: ~~And when we~~ add ~~that she was~~ & when we ~~add that~~ think what it meant, about 1800, to be a governess, & add that ~~the~~ governess was ~~a happy woman~~, ~~happy, trusted, loved, & laughed at, we~~ it laughed at, also loved, we ~~are~~ ~~then~~ the life of Selina Trimmer ~~at Devonshire House~~ redounds more to the credit of the Cavendishes than all the splendours of Chatsworth, Bolton Abbey, Hardwick & the Devonshire house. She was happy. "I send you the enclosed trinket" wrote her former pupil on the last page of this book; "...to offer thanks of affection – of all yr. past conduct to me, with affection – gratitude not to be expressed. God bless you my dearest friend:"

Selina & shed light upon the Cavendishes. But of Selina herself we know very little. A ~~biographical~~ the briefest ~~sketch~~ merely by ~~no fact~~ ~~with a negative~~ – she was not her sister in law the famous Mrs. Trimmer. ~~In the absence of other facts~~, And in the absence of any ~~biography~~ letters ~~imagine~~ – ~~Selina, let us~~ ~~hazard, was the~~ of facts it is permissible to suppose that Selina was some poor clergyman's daughter, plain, modest, well read; with religious convictions, a circle of friends, in the Cavendish establishment; & that one day, about 1790, when G. and Harriet were 7 & H. 5, she followed her governess & his boy up the back stairs of D.H. in a ~~considerable mental~~ state of great ~~mental perturbation~~. ~~And then, when she came to take~~ In the nursery were six children. They were delightful

recommended for her ~~station~~ a plain, well taught girl,

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children, romping, high spirited, outspoken;
but, not apparently, all of them Cavendishes. ~~but~~ And
who was the lady who lived on such intimate
terms with the Duke, & ~~one~~ such friendly terms with the
Duchess? Trimmer, sitting alone in her schoolroom when the
Children were gone to bed, must have

born

It must have dawned upon Trimmer ~~that~~ who was
inclined to the Quaker faith, that she was
in a very strange place — ~~Downstairs, down stairs men~~;
a ~~haunt of vice; a gambling hell; a~~ ~~How did~~
the D H. was an abode of vice. Downstairs
there was gambling & drinking: upstairs things that were
even worse. ~~And yet, she must have accepted,~~
~~whatever struggle went on within~~ the code of the peerage —
the code of D H, ~~somehow she~~ was in conflict. ~~What was~~
Trimmer, sitting up alone after the pupils were in bed,
must have revised her opinions. Apparently,
things can be done in D. H. that can not be done in
Bayswater. ~~She~~ had her mind ~~broadened~~. She
~~could not~~ stayed on. ~~She walked with the young ladies in~~
~~the Park.~~ She taught them to read French. ~~She~~
And they taught her. For there was no doubt that

they taught her
a broader
a mind

~~though everything~~, according to middle class standards, were
~~immoral, we~~ & that the Cn were without moral
standards, they were, also undoubtedly, had all
the pagan virtues. ~~Nevertheless~~ they treated her as a
human being: Never by a word, or a glance, did the
wicked & beautiful Duchess, make Trimmer feel herself an
inferior. ~~Further~~, the children, through whose eyes
Trimmer must have seen ~~it~~ must clearly, adored
their mother. As Trimmer, hearing Harryo exclaim
Oh that I were like my mother, must have
the Duchess
been felt that in spite of all, Happily however,
was, what she was, a perfect mother.
Trimmer ~~&~~ added, looking at the fat plain-little
girl, ~~Harry~~ Ly H had not inherited her
mother's beauty. ~~&~~ Harryo was unhappily
plain. Further she had a downright

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shrewd, almost childlike ~~worldlin~~ shrewdness, —
the Duke, desired though that Trimmer w^d never
have dared to discuss with the Duke — etc.
and her cynical service to her in the world she was fated to
enter. Trimmer, there is reason to think, did not love her
head about that world. She ~~[illegible]~~ hated the
Melbournes. She [illegible] plain that Trimmer
remained with the Devonshires ~~for~~ though they shocked her,
partly because she was charmed: but also because she
considered it to be her duty. She might persevere, or as
cleave faithfully ~~those~~ them. She did not conceal her
opinions the Melbournes. She did not capitulate.
~~She~~ She was not a ~~weak~~, sycophant. She was not a
Encircled as she was by the most dazzling society
England, & what was more, accepted as a
human being, ~~[illegible]~~ she still maintained her
~~[illegible]~~ middle class morality. That is
Certain, for when Hary-o aged 18, Hary-o flirted with
Duncannon. . . . and . . .
Mrs Trimmer dined with us at Roehampton
gave me a most serious lecture that my
coquetry was dreadful & that, without
caring for my cousin, I had made him in love
with me . . . " Indeed the valiant Trimmer ventured:
the lord Hary-o that " it was morally to [illegible]
principle of having supplanted Lady E."

18 03
l. 1785
1803 8

76.

~~For~~, As the little girls grew up, Trimmer was no
longer merely ~~a governess~~ ~~the~~ : Trimmer the
teaching grammar & perfectly harsh punctuation:
Trimmer's vanity [illegible] Hary-o to read all five
books at a time, & let her teach her of provide. Trimmer
[illegible] — Bossuet say & Beattie. Trimmer
[illegible] to her middle class tenour, but & her low
[illegible] became that invaluable character,
reason who figures in drama as the confidante —
in real life is so rare to be found in the

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the old servant, the humble retainer, to whom the great lady
turns, who knows all secrets · ~~who~~ is not only the
confidante, but the conscience. ~~A virgin lady~~,
~~the~~ Implacable virgin, moral, austere, Trimmer
~~was recalled~~ Sworn to Trimmer must Harryo
~~confided her~~ appealed when she found herself
in a situation that ~~se~~ showed Harryo the
disadvantages of vice — when, at last, morality
triumphed: when at last, even the Regen
virtue of D.H. cd. no longer suffice — when
the hated Lady Liz · whig — cooing & fondling the dogs in
her shawl — Lady Liz who was so much
more wise for disappearing into the dressingroom
Co by Lord Fitzharris... "and yet there no
regret to me about the country I go into:
or rather no home, for I think no blame can be
attached to me for that so reluctantly lives in
Trimmer did not fail Harryo. Although she had
left D.H. & was ~~to~~ acting as companion to [illegible]
Theresa, the democratic [illegible], she
returned to D.H. She took her place at [illegible]
with me of a [illegible] Lady & H. She
never guarded a jot. She alone stood by her.
that her [illegible] the eternal [illegible] found her
And ~~she was~~ sworn to Selina finally she
H. found, when the crucial [illegible] she left
was to be decided ~~No P.~~ None the
Ponsonby, a Melbourne, a Cavendish, were
quite so congenial to her as Selina, when
marriage with Granville was discussed. He had two
Granville was her best man. ~~And~~ ought H. to
Children by Lady Bess.
marry him?" It wd · mean escape fr.
It would mean escape from her
Lady Liz. wait to be father
~~that~~ Trimmer was certain..
advocate as
mentor.

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Tremaine the respectable grocer, of Newark. Tremaine the
middle class woman who had been my dearest
friend.

But H. was in love. And H married her.
And in spite of the age [illegible]. H. [illegible]
was ideally happy. And ~~[illegible]~~
was still alive in 1862 — an unseen old
lady in a black bonnet, mordant & caustic &
doting. But Selina Tremaine! What
~~happened to~~ her? Surely among all the
~~statues~~ of frightful sudden and heart break
there she lies as the figure of [illegible], in
~~cap &~~ shawl; & when the [illegible] she be [illegible] in
the wild scrawling hand of Harry — God bless you
my dearest friend.

Silence falls

Tremaine withdraws for ever.

~~But~~ ~~So Selina~~ with
with those words, Selina withdraws into
complete obscurity. ~~[illegible]~~ But with the mind's
~~eye~~ we can see her. still seen, still unchanged,
a prim virginal woman, retaining her
severity, ~~reading her~~ and a meditating
~~[illegible]~~ sometimes on the pagan & classic
society of D. H. as
An ancient upright virgin, upon whose
withered wrist ~~however~~, hung ~~that~~ a golden bracelet —
that trophy of a vanished world: of a
classic & pagan society. — Harry's
~~bracelet~~. So ~~[illegible]~~ Harry's bracelet
~~Unmoved~~ Q all that classic & pagan society
only Harry's bracelet — remained

When Harry became Lady Greville, Selina vanish

Then [illegible] tries to ~~see~~

the ~~only~~ sole remains which of that vanished world.

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But what remedy was there for her situation — she
was past the age she [illegible]. 39 — or [illegible]?
Yet, as a person with a [illegible] [illegible];
For her generation, the newspaper was a lady, & as her
father or [illegible] had dropped the Times she
took it up, & read,
a horse with a green [illegible] — wh. that was fantastic:
[illegible]: the [illegible] in Whitehall wh. then was romantic...
& then she put together the whole
passage wh. read.
wh. That was real. So real, that h in the arch
white dove plume she saw the arch; & the horse;
& the girl; & the trooper: had followed her
to the barrack room, & the hero & could see
what then happened: she ran as the door:
when the door, for in fact it was a door, only
opened, & in came old ~~Aunt~~ Cousin ~~[illegible]~~. [illegible]
Cousin Hannah. —

2 . . .

NYPL

"7...

The forecast, said Mr Oliver taking up the paper & looking for the forecast. "~~He~~ says: Variable winds: fair average temperature; rain at times". They all looked at the sky to see whether it obeyed the ~~man or the~~ meteorologist. ~~Not altogether~~ Only roughly. The

It was as of [illegible]

sunlight upon one cloud had hardened to golden alabaster: it a immortal marble. Beyond that was intangible. And beyond that. There was something there that never filtered down ~~to the~~: that escaped registration by the instruments. Something ~~that~~ that never fell, like a sun, or a shadow, or as rain; on the wind: but [illegible]

there was something beyond the wind.

Mrs Swithin's eye flagged: And then, a troubled the fiercely then glanced to the fact that she seen up there, somebody called God [illegible], seated in the ~~the~~ ether. But, as a shadow just at the moment fell on the chair, she withdrew her searching gaze: & says,

I'm afraid it looks unsettled. I'm afraid it means for ~~we~~ rain this afternoon .. we can only pray":

And presently probably, said [illegible] her comment upon Lucy's use of the word 'pray'".

The Shadow.

~~Then~~

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Coleridge..

The man leaning against a door.
Well to have an image: to have something to
cling to. to remind us that
If we say 'Coleridge' it implies a whole firmament
~~not the~~ Beyond a general scope.
This progress – his ventures.
Was this the effect of opium? like De Q.
Galloping serenely. What was he looking at?

The Letters..

Then the Friend.
The difficulty of Crit- words.
Everybody knows. C is a Chr.
Harm done by authors.
Going back to the beginning & tracing him.

The man at the door.

The man was Coleridge: as Hazlitt saw him.
~~It is well~~ And as, to write 'Coleridge' at the head of a
page implies a ~~many~~ something complete; ~~but this~~ he
~~to~~ stand at the head of a page,
But to put 'Coleridge' at the head of an essay,
~~wh. can only~~ is ~~too~~ an unwarrantable
impertinence. ~~Coleridge who has ever~~
~~There are so many~~ ~~He is~~
But who can put C– at the head of an essay? –
~~Coleridge was, the various~~ as it as ~~it~~
~~the animal were inside the case.~~
Coleridge the various, the
~~Containing not~~
[illegible]: C., who streams through volumes of
letters, over magazines; a Co. who is
in the part of Wr. pal a doubt, hat of land-
~~front~~ up of our lit. & of lit: ~~of close~~
~~It is~~ ~~What we can~~ Very little of

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Coleridge ~~comes~~ can be held ~~contained in this particular~~
~~thimble~~ in any one thimble ~~And there is another~~
~~[illegible] he is to~~ ~~Far~~ And again,
is contained in any essay. ~~And the visible~~
~~Perhaps for~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~the~~ who is a stream of words, a man of words; a word
Coleridge the ~~many tongued~~, many ~~words~~, the stressed, word to
~~innumerably expressive~~ ~~the~~ innumerable words —
Very little can be contained in an essay. And
that ~~little~~, and yet that little, as it
is ~~And as that little is~~ yet, as to fill the
thimble, we dip in so many books, & dipping
become so tipsy, so giddy, so heavy eyed with sleep,
are wont to have a hectic vision to ~~turn to~~ look at — this
picture of a man leaning against a door.

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The tea table was the centre of Victorian family life,
I suppose — the tea table rather than the dinner table,
at least in our family: Savages I suppose have some
tree, or little fire place, round which they sit; ~~the~~ that
round table was ~~one centre~~ the circle in the centre of the
house: a sacred centre, a focus centre; the circle to
which all the sons came back in the evening; the hearth
whose fire was tended by the mother.
~~But the bedr~~ So the bedroom, the bedroom on the
first floor with the double bed was the sexual
centre; ~~the~~ the birth centre. It was not a large room;
~~that~~ the bedroom, looking onto the street; but how
soaked its walls must be, if walls take pictures &
heard of what passes, for there ~~we~~ in that bed
we ~~we~~ four children were begotten; there we were
born; & there first mother died, & then father died,
with a picture of mother hanging in front of him:

One
2
3
4

Each floor had three rooms: two large; one small.
And how many storeys were there? — ~~are 2~~
four I think: mother's bedroom floor; then George's, Gerald
& Stella; then the nurseries; then the great study
with its high ceiling of yellow stained wood; & the
servants bedroom. A tall dark house; with
different smells, as one went up: the smell of
candles I remember on one landing; on another there was
the the water closet, with its many brass cans: there
was the brown filter on another landing; &
I think carpets & pictures gave out, as one ascended.
& I think that on the top landing itself was
a little pinched & bare, for once, when a [illegible]
friend, some visitor — Peter Studd? — volunteered
to help, & ran up to the servants bedroom, my
mother was annoyed that he had seen those
very shabby rooms. Father's study however was
a fine big room, very high: entirely book lined;
with his old rocking chair covered in American
cloth at the side; in which he lay with his
feet off the ground, & a board across the arms: &

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on the board a curious china inkstand, with a well at the side: Murray's portrait by Watts hung over the fireplace; & in the corner stood a stack of alpenstocks. From the three long windows one looked out over the roofs of Kensington to St Mary Abbots; & one day, standing there, Jack saw an eagle. It was characteristic of him (I thought) that he knew it unmistakably for an eagle; & also ~~knew~~ ~~ascertained~~ ~~that it~~ read in the paper that an eagle had escaped from the Zoo — that fact was verified.

verified the
fact
take that

When Stella married, Vanessa was promoted to her big bedroom; & I was given, for my bed sitting room, our old night nursery. And of course this room became the centre of my life: the kernel of the house; my own cocoon. the room where I lived my central private life; the room where I slept, & sat, & wrote, & saw had them come to teach me; where I took a friend now & then; where Adrian came, after his day at Westminster; where Gerald came, & George: the bed was in the corner by the window — on summer nights I used to lie looking at the backs of the Queen's Gate houses — the dressing for dinner — light was not to be seen. Sometimes I heard dance music; always a distant the clatter of rank of cabs; far away whistles; wheels & horses in the mews, & one night I lay in sordid fever, hearing an old man being obscenely ravings, so I thought, using Elizabethan — a cat it was. I was too adolescent mood — From George's window would come next morning. old electric light bulbs flung at cats & exploding. I inherited Stella's Holland house writing table — made by the St Ives carpenter, & stained green-brown with a leaf pattern by Stella herself. On this long narrow table stood my great Lexicon, open: a great variety of ink pots; & there manuscript books in which I was always writing; ~~& but~~ surreptitiously also. Half the room was literary: half washing & dressing. To

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[encourage my vanity, — for I dressed badly — George gave me the swinging glass that I still have. Seven pounds ten it cost, — he hoped I should learn to take more care of my looks. Dresses hung on the door; & there was the old nursery cot bed, reeking with medicine bottles. George I think, had the room papered for me; & added I think a new fireplace. I was given a deep wicker chair for a birthday present; & there I would sit, between tea & dinner, withdrawn from the house reading until Gerald or Adrian or George or perhaps Jack, or it might be father on his way up to the study tapped & came in; — ~~It was a very quiet room.~~ The mornings, from 10 to 1 I spent entirely alone; Vanessa at the Copes or the Academy; ~~fath~~ George & Gerald at their offices, & father writing upstairs. There I sat, reading Greek, for my weekly lesson. First with Miss Pater at Kings College. Later Janet Case came, twice weekly; & heard me my ~~translation~~ read Euripides.

Nothing much happened in Hyde Park Gate. It was a cul de sac, & 22 is near to the blind wall at the end. Hyde Park Gate was something like a village street. One heard footsteps tapping on the pavement. Most of the inhabitants bowed when they met. That was Mrs. Mackenzie, or one of the three Miss Redgraves — ~~they had~~ there was the pale Miss Redgrave & the red nosed Miss Redgrave, & old Mrs. Redgrave, in her widows weeds, going out in the bath chair with the glass pane let down over her face if it was wet so that she looked like a museum case on wheels. There was also "Her Grace" as the nurses called her — an old Duchess of Grafton I think. higher up the street [illegible] Mrs Martin — there was the famous ~~suffragette~~, an American; very rich whose garden wall curved; famed for something — ~~[illegible]~~ I think objectionable — perhaps womens rights: & the Dilkes next door; Mrs. Ashton Dilke was also famed for

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famed for women rights; & had a stone thrown at her; &
my mother who signed an anti-suffrage paper-
sent us to ask the governess if she had been hurt—
~~an od~~ Mrs Ashton Dilke being, rare for that eccentricity
~~Extremely well dr~~ the pink of fashion, & very pretty. &
so well dressed that we used to & say "Mrs Dilke
has far more new clothes than you have" to mother—
who never had any new clothes, & dressed always. Which,
in black. Further up lived Aunt Minna; alone
with Angelo, the Italian man servant who
played bagatelle with us; & there were the
Maudes, in the middle— the shifty impecunious
Maudes, who never paid their bills & kept
the "big dog" to frighten duns; & he sprang out at
the paper boy; & knocked me over, & frightened me; ~~which led~~ to
a police ~~Court action; the~~ And then the
inhabitants of the street headed by Mrs Mackenzie
brought a police Court action against the Maudes; & I
was put in the witness box; & Mr Plowden was so
impressed by my evidence that we won our case.
But it wasn't the Girls fault *— the handsome
dark girls, were rather to be pitied, I remember. Then
blamed; & we don't want the big dog killed, only
restrained, Mr. Mackenzie insisted.
Everybody knew Everybody in Hyde Park Gate.
It was a trial if you disliked bowing & smiling, as I did,
to see the Mackenzies or the Redgraves coming
nearer & nearer until you had to stop & smile.
at the top, where Hyde P. Gate faces Kensington Gardens.
houses, so irregular, & individual— some high, some
low; some with gardens, others with steps, others
flat on the road— became stereotyped & pompous.
I still remember, incredible as it seems, the
~~footm~~ how one of these houses had a carriage &
pair with Coachman & footman wearing
wigs & plush knee breeches. A sight only
visible now at a Coronation. Yet the owners
then were nobody in particular, & then

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their display was thought nothing out of the way.
~~One~~ Every other house in H.P.G. & perhaps one in larger degree
kept a carriage; a hired one from Hobbs whose
livery stable opened in the middle of the street. For
there was only the Red Bus otherwise to take us
"into town" as father called it — the Red Bus, or a
hansom or fourwheeler from the rank at the top.
~~were one only~~ The underground was far away — at
High Street or Gloucester Road. And the underground
was a sulphur smelling gas lit tunnel; with steam
trains running, I suppose, rather seldom. My father.
mother always took the Red Bus: for hansoms were
luxuries to them, though not to the rich Duckworths.
My mother did all her immense rounds — shopping,
visiting, taking presents, ~~to~~ going to hospitals —
workhouses — in omnibuses. She was
an omnibus expert. She could nip out of the
red into the blue or the yellow, & make
them somehow convey her all over London.
Often she would tell us some anecdote of a talk she
had had with the conductor, or a fellow passenger.
And sometimes she would come home very
tired, having missed a bus, or having gone, perhaps.
where the bus service failed her. The horses
were said to suffer greatly from being perpetually
pulled up to take passengers. Often the buses were
already full up. or if it was wet, & the outside
seats were covered with waterproof aprons; hung from the
Once a year, ~~the~~ a brace of pheasants the Christmas gift of the Rothschilds.
driver's seat. the streets of London then were
And ~~when I~~ gen. from heaps of horse dung, wh.
covered with litter brown the traffic: & I
boys removed in shovels, darting out among
The horses often kicked reared & ran away. in
Can remember ~~horses~~ carriages crashing together slipping &
High Street; & the horse floundering; & horses locked and
wheels coming off: the streets were the horses were often
horses, smelling horses, & the footmen wore cockades, &
~~for~~ decorated; & the foam was flecked on the flanks. &
the coronets & coats of arms were
on the panels of the hansom —

Not only
solitary
hansoms, or
fourwheelers,
or private
broughams
came
clopping down
over
[illegible]
streets

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My room in that very house was at the back. When Stella married, Vanessa & I were promoted from the nursery ~~dwellers~~ to bed sitting room ~~dwellers~~: we became at the age of 18 & 15 young ladies. My room, the old night nursery, ~~was very faint~~ is a long narrow room, ~~divided into~~ with two windows; ~~the~~ the fireside half was the ~~sitt~~ living half. The washstand half was the sleeping half. It had been 'done up', at George's cost, Nathan Kent; ~~the~~ all traces of night nursery were abolished. In the living part was my wicker chair & ~~the~~ Stella's writing table, made by the Silver carpenter & ~~painted~~ stained green with a pattern of brown leaves by Stella. On it stood open my Greek lexicon, my silver bottle of ink; & probably hidden under blotting paper, sheets of my private writing. The sleeping side was presided over by the long looking glass, which George gave me, in the hope that I should learn to care for my appearance: & between it & the washstand was my bed. It was under the window. On summer nights I would lie there with the window open, listening. Very far off there was a hum of traffic. Sometimes I heard dance music; & sat up watching the dancers ~~being~~ sitting out on the leads: another night I lay awake hearing an obscene old man gasping & floating, as I thought, some devilish horror — it was only a cat. I was told afterwards, a cat's orgasm of love making. George (as the story below) kept a store of old electric light bulbs which he shied at cats — pop pop they would explode against the wall) Often I would lie awake waiting for Nessa to come & ask me after her party. I would ~~light~~ read by the light of a candle; & blow it out as I heard George ~~to~~ approaching. But he pinched the top of the candle found it soft, & so detected me.

~~The living side~~ Which should I describe first — the living side or the sleeping side? Of course! ~~They were~~ They could be described separately yet

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they were always running together. And how they fought
each other: how ~~they~~ often I was in rage & in ecstasy, &
torn between ~~them all the different side~~
all the different forces that entered that room; ~~[illegible]~~
whether one calls them the living side or the sleeping side.
~~Hand~~ Of that room, which is now I think cut into
cubicles for ~~the~~ in the hotel that it has become, –
the ~~sleepers there~~ could buy out its ghosts, the
business men from Birmingham, & the lady from
up to see the Royal Academy from Cheltenham
would be amused: also pitiful: & perhaps one of them
wd say, What a very odd life for a girl of 15.
I suppose they wd add: that such a life is quite
impossible nowadays. & I suppose, if one of them
had read a book of mine, he or she might say,
Now I understand To the Lighthouse, or A Room of One's
Own, or The Common Reader, a great deal better.–

But of course I was not thinking when I ~~lived there~~
lived in my bedroom in Hyde Pk Gate of
Birmingham business men & ladies from Cheltenham.
But I was thinking, feeling, living, those two lives that the
two ~~ends~~ parts of the room symbolised with ~~a~~ the intensity
which ~~the moth~~ the butterfly or moth feels when it
sticky tremulous legs & antennae it pushes out of the
chrysalis & emerges: waits ~~on the~~ beside the broken shell
for a moment: ~~dazed~~ damp: its wings still creased: its
eyes dazzled: incapable, ~~stale~~ of flight.

Again, whether 15 is or not, whether sensitive or not, ~~would~~
must have felt something very acute, merely from the
pressure of circumstances. My mother's death had been a
latent sorrow – how, at 13 could one feel it fully. But
Stella's death two years later ~~came upon~~ fell upon
~~a much more~~ a different substance – & upon
apprehension & anticipation & all that
extraordinarily unprotected, unformed, un~~den~~
unshielded yet apprehensive anticipating
fabric of which the mind & body are made at 15.
And just behind the surface lay the other [illegible]

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Even if I were not fully conscious of what my mother's death
meant, I ~~was~~ had been for 2 years unconsciously
absorbing it: through Stella's silent grief; my father's
immensely demonstrative grief; through all those
~~brooding~~ ~~negative~~ ' the negative results — the
hiding of society, of family; the glooms & :
morbid silences; the shut bedroom, the ~~Change~~
the giving up of St Ives; the black clothes; my
father's ~~relegation~~ ~~t~~ — all this had toned my
mind & made it apprehensive: ~~we~~ ~~made~~ made it
I suppose ~~super~~ unnaturally responsive to
Stella's happiness & the ~~relief it~~ promise it held
for us as for her — when once more.
unbelievably, catastrophically — I remember saying
to myself that impossible thing has happened; — as if it
were unnatural, against ~~the~~ law, horrible, as a
a treachery, a betrayal. the fact of
death. The blow, the second blow of death,
struck on me: tremulous, creased, sitting with my
wings still stuck together, on the broken chrysalis.

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feel bereft.. A dream, the voice has stopped. The [illegible] for
hours, we feel dear that ~~we have been~~ this heavy
built man, standing in the gate has been
~~pouring forth~~ ~~talking, about~~ pouring forth · this spate. this
~~hot~~ turbulent tumult of words? While his large soft eyes
"with a peculiar appearance of haze or
dreaminess mixed with their light" have been
fixed ~~on~~ — upon what?

..2..

upon something very far away: ~~remote~~ & remote &
~~clear~~ ~~distinct, fine~~, very clear, very. So fine that is
& line & distinct. ~~Three little volumes~~ hold that
~~vision~~ ~~Coleridge, own inspired poems~~ the poems
That vision - ~~It is the~~ is contained in a very
little space. ~~The~~ three small volume, one filled
with a translation from the German, ~~are~~
hold the spirit of which the letters were the gross body;
~~matter~~; the body "that does me grievous wrong":
~~They~~ And of these poems many are ~~left~~ only two have
unfinished; ~~some are trifles; some~~ has
Of these poems become immortal - an all spirit: ~~everybody~~ are
Christ~~abel & the Ancient Mariner is~~ are
~~also the other, hang some~~ but the others, are
many of them fragmentary, & some of them trifles, &
~~& yet this~~ ~~this~~ yet we love something,
more perhaps than in the Greater works, the Ancient Mariner, is
love something of Christabel & the
do not lead up to them, ~~from~~ approaching, step by step,
the way that leads to them — we love, ~~them~~
in ~~them~~ in the first place, the excitement ~~of~~
listening ~~for as~~, as on a summer night to ~~blackbirds~~ -
~~other birds~~ birds that begin & stop, before the
~~their~~ of ~~they~~ their
nightingale begins. broken, & imperfect, their voices
fragments & phrases,
tune our ears, ~~prepare~~ helps us to understand the
perfect song when at last at midnight it comes.

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A writers education is obviously composite, complex: it ~~has~~
leisure plays a great part in it: only if you cd.
lift the cover & ~~that~~ the idle brain that ~~seems~~ to be
doing nothing, you wd find it working at top speed:
Roughly ~~speaking~~. Life gives him leisure; &
opportunity — a long phase before ~~work~~ wage earning begins.
~~And~~ There is the ~~[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] educat~~ This is his
writer's education. And he ~~[illegible]~~ must have it — Is it strange?

~~[illegible]~~ If you read critical papers you will be able to
rattle off a string of names: [illegible] . . .

~~Here let us interpose~~ the most important name is
It may well be that the most important name is
absent: the original mind is seldom one of a
group. It may well be, particularly in an age
which longs for leaders, — as is natural in an age
~~tortured writer~~ that is tortured & torn —
that the ~~strong & original~~ ~~great~~ single voice cannot
is silenced — cannot fall into step — remains
outside — will only ~~[illegible]~~ be known
to posterity. And it may well be that

who,
being a

~~a tortured~~ age, that asks for leaders,
cannot have poets: it can only have leaders.
Hence the interpenetration of groups: The
The tortured age breeds groups; ~~with~~ the
groups of passive spirits brought together in a
common need, not of poetry, but of
somebody who will shepherd them into safety.
~~The names are~~ ~~But~~ . Then the names
gen. about, ~~stand in much~~ Closer alliance,
are much more closely grouped than the ~~group~~
other groups, the 1914 group. Get at it:
that may be so: but Get at first sight,

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The bleat
of the
scapegoat
is heard in
[illegible]
& instead of the
Satanic
we have the
scapegoat bleat.

matter why. Tho' they scold, they scold so uneasily.
The voice is the voice of the scapegoat.
For with not a a [illegible] tone within scolding:
Then the voice of the scapegoat: a
certain rasp, a certain tautness, raspiness — the
the voice of the man who by drawing attention to
~~his~~ in scolding another for the sins he has
committed — & intending to go on committing
it: in order that he may
The scapegoat was beaten in order that the
other goats might escape. Scapegoat
writing is never wholehearted downright alas: it is
[illegible], self-conscious, raspy, & taut.
The poetry is ~~feeling~~ the bourgeois [illegible] the
bourgeois. Please sir, it wasn't me — not a
the voice of the prophet, or the voice of Satan, but the
the voice of the shrinking [illegible], Please sir it
wasn't me —

But this a feeble poem: ~~this not~~ ~~chosen for its~~ ~~than that groups~~
~~have we~~ bullied by my other [illegible] groups, &
Chosen for its ~~st~~ illustration, not for its greater
value.
The pedagogic, the ~~fe~~ ~~poi~~ the pedantic, the —
Then poems are
That is orating not poetry; preaching not
persuasion. The

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He is not the rich snob of the aristocracy; nor the
[illegible] snob of the peasants. He is between [illegible].
~~How~~ ~~[illegible] the old~~ An ~~uneasiness~~ the writer is
is ~~like a~~ — a ~~queer mixture of~~ the [illegible] in
— the writer ~~seems to be~~ talks ~~with an~~ —
— ~~speaking~~ the ~~Oxford accent~~ He speaks
with an Oxford accent, but is careful to
drop an aitch at intervals. ~~He wears a~~
~~Plenty~~ in the middle of
For he ~~hopes to~~ he is dwelling in two worlds, the
old ~~aristocracy & the new democracy. And~~

There, ~~for~~ there are some of the
~~too~~ Leaders for leaders, tiring against you on
class. yet knowing no other; without a
[illegible] [illegible]; class unknown; longing for
leaders; unable to come down; [illegible]

There is no wonder then that they have given us,
nothing ~~profound, mature~~ lately: ~~no [illegible].~~ no great
novel, no great novel. But they have
~~Egotists or~~ & [illegible] that they have talked
more about themselves than any other [illegible].
And the truth is often unlikely.
[illegible] that they are [illegible]
they have

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The next generation — ~~does~~ at least we hope it seems vain; at the moment, to
say ~~one eye upon that~~ believe that there will be,
another ~~generation~~? — for there will be a
next generation — in spite of this war, & whatever it brings.
Have we time then for a rapid glance at it — for a
hurried guess? The next generation will be, one of these days,
when peace comes, a post war generation: What is to

Let us guess: ~~with this over~~ wide of the mark.
& wide as our guess might. If we were
Every politician has that for his peroration. But
middle class has already an idea.. it is rather later on vaguely
ha

If these class cease, think what a revolution it means.

The same education, for all classes, perhaps even
for both sexes. What a new world instantly
~~to come~~ begins to be born.
But we ~~can~~ are only concerned with the
effect on literature. How will it affect poetry? & the novel?
Very likely it will be the end of the novel. No class
~~[illegible]~~ Think out class distinctions & how many novels would
survive? ~~For~~ were they not made, largely, of ~~[illegible]~~!
class distinction! — all the snobbery & sublimities of.
made so much of the fun & the tragedy. lies, as the the old
class has gone. The humour of the Cathedral Close,
the humour of the village, — Trollope and Jane Austen would
with disappear. We w . . .

And ~~the poets~~ Then what English - that - become a
a common language when we have pooled all the
different dialects. Here the poet stands. Yes.
new ~~words~~, new words will be new blood to him. ~~for he is~~
how few words he is able to use today — So,

[illegible] . . .

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We must become critics — we must learn, even after here to decide
ourselves, to distinguish the good from the bad. We must: because
nearly as we begin going to do our thinking for us. We are
no longer going to be able —

~~And~~ Moreover, we must become critics, because
we must become writers. We are not going in future to
leave the writing — that is the ~~interpretation~~ of life — to a
very small ~~[illegible]~~ class of rich young men. ~~We are~~
Already we feel — as they feel — how ~~[illegible]~~ of our
life ~~;~~ what a puzzle, what a kaleidoscope of
~~life~~ of experience is at their command. We are going
to make our own contribution. And

And more than all other artists a writer
must be a critic, because his words &
words are so common, so familiar: he must sieve them,
sift them: make them, by criticism, strong, rich, real.

We are going then to learn, to teach ourselves; both to
preserve, & to create. And we need not wait for the end
of the war. We are not waiting. We have begun — by
we can begin — we have begun — we can begin. ~~By~~ on a
practical, prosaically, by borrowing books from the
public library. — Everything; from all the shelves —
poems — plays, histories. biographies, novels. Let us
read simultaneously, fearlessly, recklessly:
for ~~too~~ ~~[illegible]~~ it never does to be a nice
feeder; any book may have something vital in it.
~~that~~ And as for shying away ~~[illegible]~~ from the
dead languages, just because we cannot read ~~Greek~~ —
~~Latin, or~~ them, & because we feel
they are classics, & we are only commoners,
outsiders: a ~~sort of prudery, a sort of~~
mere prudery, mock modesty: a fatal
crime in the eyes of Thucydides & Aeschylus & Virgil,
who if they were with us today, — as he is
intending our end. ~~[illegible]~~ be honoured to

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and bear the
pain to
think that they
were only
read
by gentlemen
with
gowns & wigs –

the people of Brighton – bright. those [illegible], modern ladies,
~~that~~ become men, whereas were being them to
were being them these Dante & Virgil &
the [illegible] Keats & Shelley were made to be read only by
those who have taken university degrees –
hes, I like to think, they would have mocked at
these grave gentlemen who call themselves
Doctors of letters – ~~It is~~ [illegible]
Let me already say – ~~[illegible] our Plato~~ read our
Plato, our Aeschylus, our Dante, our ~~Vi~~ Virgil, with a
crib. Let me here add for this ~~advice~~
a bit of advice that an eminent Victorian who
was also an eminent [illegible] once gave her children.
"Whenever you see a board up with Trespassers will be
prosecuted, Trespass at once".

Let us trespass always everywhere. Lit.
is no one's ~~common~~ private ground. Literature ~~This~~ common ground.
~~And~~ a ~~very splendid~~ It is not cut up into
countries. ~~Yet~~ There are no wars there.
~~Let us have them freely at peace.~~

take our
way
freely.

~~In that~~ In that great open space, let us
make ourselves at home, & do our own
walking & digging, & draw whatever [illegible] we
can.

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He would not see people herded up between hedges.[21] He would see a hedgeless world, ~~where everyone is free to go where.~~

The ~~pedagogic, the~~ didactic, the pedagogic strain in this work. They teach: they scold: they inculcate duty, not pleasure: Even love becomes a duty. This the duty of the bourgeois class to love the proletariat. & then to break down the barriers between classes. For example, Mr D. L. explains a love for

That is writing, not poetry. we listen, not work our own class but work other peoples class. We are in a group, in a class, as we listen..

But listen to Wordsworth:

That we hear when we are alone. We hear it deeply. We remember it in solitude

But the poet in the 30th was forced to be a

politician:

Thus the rigid self conscious speech of an educated man who is trying to shed his education. The Oxford don is trying to drop his aitches. The ~~bourgeois~~ is .

~~Therefore~~. Lacking unconsciousness, they are unable to suggest.

Without unconsciousness, can they be poets, can they be novelists? ~~Still~~, were they not forced to be politicians, to be propagandists? All the same,

they then writing [illegible].

And that is very desperate.

to understanding the V.ns. ~~limited~~ themselves cruelty by their respect ~~for~~ tortured family from their ~~timidity~~. timid respect for [illegible]...

We are condemned . . .

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& hard words
Remove the hedges for Jane Austen and Trollope,
& how much wd remain?! We shd regret
the loss of those words: the loss of ~~all~~ that
comedy ~~of all that~~ that they cd. create from the
conflict and the lights & shadows of that complex society.

But

~~Instead we ought to have a~~ the novel,
~~Instead we ought~~ the ~~novelist~~
outgrowing its 19th Century form — & ~~all~~
and gets
shd. & lit. is always giving
clothes & needing new ones, naturally — shd.
gain in vigour. The ~~under ed~~ novelists
shd. have more highly developed people to describe —
people who have had a chance to describe.
The poet's gain is less obvious. For the poet
has been less influenced by the hedges. But he shd.
gain words: his present cramped vocabulary
shd. be enriched when we have pooled all
the different dialects. There ought to be a
common belief, wh. he cd. accept:
& these ~~notes~~ that lift fr. his shoulders the
propaganda.
burden of prophecy. There are a few
reasons why we can look forward, hopefully, to the
literature of a classless & frontierless society.

But there is a bad time coming — a gulf
to be bridged between the two
worlds: one ~~dead, the~~ dying, the other
struggling to be born. For there are two
worlds — witness the troubles wh.
who
beset the ~~to~~ mother ~~whose~~ who the other day about
wrote to the paper the other day about both
he ... I want the boy to
word. she said: she wanted
village school, where he mixes with all
classes, to continue strictly with-

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the ancient public school – Winchester is here in her mind – where, as she says"

That is proof there are still two worlds: proof of the gulf between them. And why are there still two worlds —

Here is the proof of that – Look at this book. It was not begun, nor [illegible]. England [illegible] to a Common reader, saying, This is time that even you whom I have shut out from all my [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] own tastes. librarian for centuries [illegible] began to [illegible]. And this time ~~And this time~~. I am going to help you." And this time that England helped us: time that we took the other to heart. ~~This~~ There is the plank – this book [illegible] for the public library –

The writer was scarcely conscious of the 19th Nation. ~~Nor~~ And ~~was~~ her model – human life – ~~[illegible]~~ unaware ~~perhaps what~~ almost as peacefully ~~contained~~ within its hedges as it had ~~been~~ [illegible] during the 18th Century.

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Coleridge begins colloquially. Jocosely, a letter of the note.
There are the sentimental imitative poems: the poem ah - accept
someone else's view - Was it Bowles? ~~nymphs & [illegible]~~
Who taught him to sing of nymphs & [illegible] - This sort youthful
mind has accepted what its elders have imposed What to
work through an imposition. to do what it can,
innocently, delightfully write ~~a~~ what other people have, perhaps,
once felt. A simplicity that implies something
sweet tempered; & ingenuous. ~~And then~~, For Coleridge
perhaps because he was so omnivorous a reader, was
far less docile than Wth: far less outspoken
Again, he had at the back of his mind, a very fine,
what was fine, remote.. To reach it it was
necessary to feel his way gradually; ~~making~~
ascending by shallow steps. ~~Was it~~ the eye that
woke first?) The eye certainly plays a large part -
C's poetry ~~then~~: the eye... The eye precedes him
with a phrase like kissing. The eye gives sensuousness
to his at first short & feeble strain ~~they~~ another characteristic
becomes apparent: the subtlety: which also makes for -
delayed attack. The brain divides & subtilises.
The poems are dissipated ~~down~~ away for the main
object to the refinements of his ~~analysis~~ faculty
therefore, far from ~~reaching~~ his object by imperative,
he reaches it the idea diverted. ~~on~~
At length we begin to feel the quality coming to the
~~[illegible]~~ into being - the peculiar stamp: the
coherency. This the power to carry whole of
scheme: where all is heard & yet the scheme is
felt: the power to carry a year: an Ency: the
sect of a wave: when very seen in glimpses: to
perceive the question: the flame shaking: the mer-
A reader felt for strongly making for deep
the cinema. And to that is joined the
discoveries, the fine discoveries of an

[illegible]
In [illegible] nothing is
[illegible] . [illegible]
[illegible], without
[illegible]
[illegible] in

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215 Quietly [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible].
How still, how [illegible], how
Calm -
Everything is [illegible] at ease,
with the [illegible] [illegible]
of an
[illegible] life

204:
That is

161 - The [illegible] [illegible].

289. The
[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible].

almost imperceptible feeling about things. The work that created the
sky. ~~At~~ the bed that Lamb saw –

So then the immature poems are poems, with treble lines:
transparencies. sudden quickenings – that make the
page, like a
~~Botan~~ & the flash the transparency: a quickening wonder
in the reader's mind. a is that accurate sense of
seeing, almost experience, ~~bought~~ an idea, a feeling,
brought to the surface, which had existed underneath,
unworded.

of expecting something: & then it is said

But the poems break down – they stream away from the
object – they lose grip. Then & we are left over & over
again with the thready tapestry, the misty mystics.. Not a
whole, but incoherent fragments.
~~looking aside~~ looking at the work of the last months:
see our & exposing of what they have hidden. The
vase, this the [illegible], the [illegible]. the Still-
& get the very simple. ~~It~~ with quality
with And ~~And there another~~ quality

& instead strong detached in a thousand patches

So this bookishness, the thinkers, there adds only
the language. not for all people; nothing unusual: but
the perpetual cry of anguish for someone who is suffering
from, ~~lost~~ to him, as the poem goes on, he
the same truth later: & we hear, not
anything [illegible], & where, but his own anguish.
too regular to allow him with [illegible] ~~the~~ despondency – ~~[illegible]~~

Mr McMahon, Mr Gratian, it [illegible]

Perhaps he an experience was

So then there are not a large range.. no [illegible]
take upon [illegible] other people's flesh. To need
the plays [illegible] to put them down, & he has
with the [illegible] that the [illegible] strained ~~the~~ [illegible]
[illegible] & [illegible], with the
that is unreadable. To one come
up the shallow steps to the [illegible]
[illegible] & [illegible] & the [illegible] & Ch..
& [illegible] when them completely
free poems – free from [illegible]
[illegible] as doubt from [illegible]

decorated poetry –

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There [illegible] the old [illegible] [illegible] see what he looked so. &
It was the Uncle, & got so seldom to the town...

& hours walking about alone
not hoping. not sleeping [illegible]

And then — I come remembering perhaps
not the man from Portora
but the man who is always
unhappily: the man who with whom
I'd never [illegible] — Stanley [illegible] [illegible].
then dressed [illegible]
haunted men, who fought the
[illegible], & interested [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] remembering all the things he [illegible] have done.
[illegible] had been, — he could never
Perhaps they are his uncle: perhaps —
with the uncle
with the memory of things under: & Stanley
[illegible] [illegible], & [illegible]

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There was the old man [illegible] saw what he looked so. —
It was so Uncle, & yet so seldom to be [illegible]...

& here waking [illegible] [illegible]
not [illegible]. not sleeping by

And then — I came running [illegible]
not the man from [illegible]
but the man who is always,
[illegible]: the man who [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] never [illegible] — [illegible] [illegible].
[illegible] dressed [illegible]
[illegible] men, who [illegible] the
[illegible], & [illegible] the [illegible],
[illegible] remembering, all the things he [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible], he [illegible] [illegible]
Perhaps they [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]: perhaps — —
with the [illegible]
with the [illegible] things [illegible]: & [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible], & [illegible]

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Freedom, transparency the sense of recollection, of recognising
what we have ~~heard~~ "known before: & ~~colour & c movement~~;
~~words~~ sound terms ~~like these are~~ ~~the words~~ poetry suggests: ~~but~~
un~~[illegible]~~ words like these. ~~To litter~~ words go
litter ~~general meaning &~~ These are the unexpressive words
that poems like C's suggest; & write them down is
simply to register the reactions ~~of our mind~~;
which may not hold ~~good~~ ~~for~~ And the
Criticism of poetry must come to
words which seem to have no link between them;
Ejaculations, composing no line of thought; no
reason for thinking that we can make, out of other
material, of something which, handed to another,
will give that other a better knowledge of Coleridge.
~~Hence the criticism of poetry~~ is Criticism hence. shrinks into a
being ejaculation. "I felt this ..." In a novel,
there is at anyrate ~~a comparison between~~ some
body, ~~or place~~, a ~~the~~ substance to which we can compare
the object ~~to which~~ of the ~~the book~~ & authors devoting
is more palpable. Ah but men didn't wear
bowler hats until in 1815 one can say. Of the art of
Critic~~ism is to~~ the author is inaccurate.
But the C. ka. a ~~C. [illegible]. are not~~
But there is nothing to lay hold of in C.'s [illegible] but our own
direct sense of their reality: how do we know
that they are good ~~poems~~? Only because they
create very ~~[illegible]~~ definite ~~sensations~~ in us; physical;
a shudder, a And that is felt through the body;
the ~~shudder~~ shivers a shudder; then the some
particular scene — rays the eye — is wanted — then there
Comes the statement of a deep emotion: the
And all these things we feel differently at different ages;
& at different stages of our growth. What
But a nature of Poems, however uncertain, we
not feel ~~the~~ what we feel. so that to take

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of the universal power of poetry is wrong. Obviously a great deal must be done by language: The mistakes made by French in reading English poetry, our difficulty in reading theirs, prove that there is a power in the actual words themselves:

specially an Eng. reader [illegible]

Our sensibility to poetry then depends greatly upon our sensibility to words. Absent thee from felicity – Charmed magic casements – Daffodils that come before the swallow dares.. . Besides words, there is rhythm: a feeling for which must also depend upon a feeling for words: because unless you give a word its exact length, & accent (as a foreigner cannot) the rhythm is mutilated. Therefore poetry is much more a national possession than painting or music: perhaps, for that reason, it goes deeper, ~~because~~ it it stirs the feelings which a thousand years ~~[illegible]~~ of national existence – the shape of country wagons, the voices of particular birds, certain country flowers, & customs, the ~~relations between, say, the~~ the English custom, say, of living in villages, with a squire, parson, a ploughman, have & again; the particular humours, of a ~~national life~~:

If poetry, even the free, disembodied poetry of C. does this, then there is a good deal, besides those sensations, & ejaculations, for the reader to comment upon.

And C's poetry is influenced by the fact that he stood at his gate: torpid with opium; & by the fact that he fell into a stream as a little boy & contracted ague; & by the fact that he admired Bowles. ~~Hence there is~~ Some point in ~~Shakespeare these as influences~~ proving it is a long discovery these traces of such things in his poetry: There is a body behind; & by sketching that body, the reader can transmit to another something that belongs to his poetry – is not irrelevant, but part & parcel of the poetry:

which with a great reader